

Geano Rossi Mendonça de Lucena

Philosophy
INTUITIVE

**Between aisthesis and logos: from mud to
language, from flesh to consciousness**

Intuitive Philosophy

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flesh to consciousness*

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Diadema – SP

2025

Dedication

To all the lives that have crossed mine—through their gestures, pains, encounters, laughter, absences, and silences—and have made my thinking a place inhabited. To those who lived before me, to those who walk alongside me, and to the “other,” as Deleuze thought—a living and multiple presence in the event of existing.

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Acknowledgments

This book was born like one amazed by life. It came from insights— sudden and visceral intuitions—captured by events that marked my story and the stories of others I met along the way. There is no single truth here to be told, only experiences that allowed themselves to be thought. I am grateful to time, to flesh, to pain, and to silence. And also to language, which allowed me to return to myself and offer something to those who read these pages.

About the Author

Teaching: Testimony and Trans-form-AÇÃO

I don't say I teach with love.

I say I overflow with love when I teach.

I say this because I don't try to develop love just to make the subject more enjoyable.

No. The truth is: I take real pleasure in teaching these subjects, because everything related to Philosophy, Pedagogy, and Theater is already part of me.

They are tools I use every day—

in both my intrapersonal and interpersonal relationships.

Therefore, teaching them is the greatest joy I can have.

Because before I ever saw miracles happen in the lives of my students— before I even believed in them—

I witnessed the miracle that art-education worked in me. From being an 18-year-old: confused, afraid, with no professional or personal direction...

I became an actor, a writer, and a theater director. I graduated in Pedagogy, Philosophy, and Theater,

and completed two post-graduate degrees: a specialization and a master's.

But who made this happen, besides my own willpower?

Where did that strength even come from?

Ah... yes. It was art.

It was the artists.

It was the art-educators who showed me possible ways out.

The passion I feel for Theater, for teaching, and for

Philosophy is not just a liking for subjects or static content.

They are tools I use to shape myself—every single day.
That's why, when I stand in front of my students,
I don't see myself simply as someone who believes in
education.

It's not just a relationship between teacher and student.
It's not just someone believing in the transformation of
another person. I was **trans-form-A-MADO**.

In one word: I am a witness.

I didn't just see it with my own eyes. I felt it in my own skin.
That's why, perhaps, I am an **edu-ca-DOR***:

One who educates because he carries— in his memory and in
his body— the marks of what education can truly do.

Glossary

trans-form-A-MADO

(A wordplay in Portuguese)

A mix between *transformado* (transformed) and *Amado* (Beloved), emphasizing both personal transformation and being loved through the process of education and life experience.

Trans-form-AÇÃO

(Another Portuguese wordplay) A combination of *transformação* (transformation) and *ação* (action). It suggests that transformation is not passive or accidental—it happens through conscious action, effort, and involvement. The author highlights that both teaching and learning are processes of active transformation.

edu-ca-DOR*

(A pun on the Portuguese word “educador” meaning educator)

In Portuguese, *educador* is the common term for educator, often used to emphasize a human-centered, relational teaching practice. Here, the word is visually broken into “**edu-ca-DOR**” to highlight “*dor*” (pain in Portuguese), suggesting that an educator is someone who carries the emotional and personal challenges of their students— feeling their pain and guiding them through it.

Academic and Professional Background

Geano Rossi Mendonça de Lucena was born in 1977 in Diadema, São Paulo, Brazil. He holds degrees in Philosophy, Pedagogy, and Theater, with postgraduate specialization in Higher Education Teaching and a master's degree in Philosophy from UFABC.

In his research *“Philosophy and the Fourth Wall: Assessment on the Spot”*, he defends a continuous and process-sensitive approach to educational assessment. Geano has worked as an art educator in NGOs and cultural centers across the outskirts of São Paulo. Through theater, he promoted self-esteem and critical thinking among children and young people. Since 2012, he has been a Philosophy teacher in São Paulo's state education system. His work connects art and philosophical reflection in high school classrooms. With additional experience leading theater workshops, Geano values educational practices that foster self-knowledge, creativity, and ethical awareness. For him, education is more than instruction. It's a process of personal and social transformation.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS INTUITIVE PHILOSOPHY I EDUCERE AND TELOS

What Is the Role of the Educator?
Education as Product, Not Inheritance
Teaching as a Calling
Education I
Education II
Education III

INTUITIVE PHILOSOPHY II

SPIRITUALITY

Philosophical Spirituality
Spirituality II
Spirituality III
Spirituality IV
Spirituality V

INTUITIVE PHILOSOPHY III

LIFE AND DEATH

Life and Death
The Grace of Not Knowing
To Be Born and to Die

INTUITIVE PHILOSOPHY IV POLITICAL

REFLECTIONS

Welfare Assistance
Where Fear Doesn't Teach
Every War Begins with a Question of Language
Oops... Now What?
Bread and Circus
Beyond Good and Evil
Beyond Good and Evil II

INTUITIVE PHILOSOPHY V

PHILOSOPHY AND PHILOSOPHIZING

What's the Use of Philosophy?

Complex and Simple

The Telos of Philosophy: Destiny or Human Flaw?

Doubt as Starting Point, Truth as Destination

The Ontology of Being Human

Me and Philosophy (A Lover of Wisdom)

Love for the Philosopher

INTUITIVE PHILOSOPHY VI MISCELLANEOUS THEMES

Betrayal and Humor

Sexuality

Be

The Protagonist

The Now

Day and Night

INTUITIVE PHILOSOPHY VII

POIESIS AND LOGOS

I Don't Know How to Rhyme

Poem: The Cat, the Moon, and the Sun

INTUITIVE PHILOSOPHY VIII THEATER AND PHILOSOPHY

The Stage of Illusions and Truth

Theater and Philosophy

Art and Philosophy

I Am Hippocrates (Actor)

INTUITIVE PHILOSOPHY IX

FOR DEAR FRIENDS AND EXTRAORDINARY MOMENTS

For My Friend Suely

An Emotional Reunion

The Event: Happened, But Not Yet Lived

For My Friend Waltão

INTUITIVE PHILOSOPHY X

SELF-REFLECTIONS

What I Can Be

My Life

INTUITIVE PHILOSOPHY XI

PHILOSOPHY GIVES ADVICE

Advice from a Hermit

Love, Food, and Spices

The Woman We Need

Alone and Lonely

Wisdom and Knowledge

The Ethics of Duty

Don't Understand... Live!

The Protagonist

Philia and Sophia: The Heart of Philosophy

Love and the Philosopher

Life and Philosophy

Wisdom and Ignorance

Care, Gossip, and Curiosity

Courage and Fear

Love, Beloved, and Lover

The Virtual and the Real

Sex, Love, Body, and Truth

Philosophy: Counterarguments to Homophobia

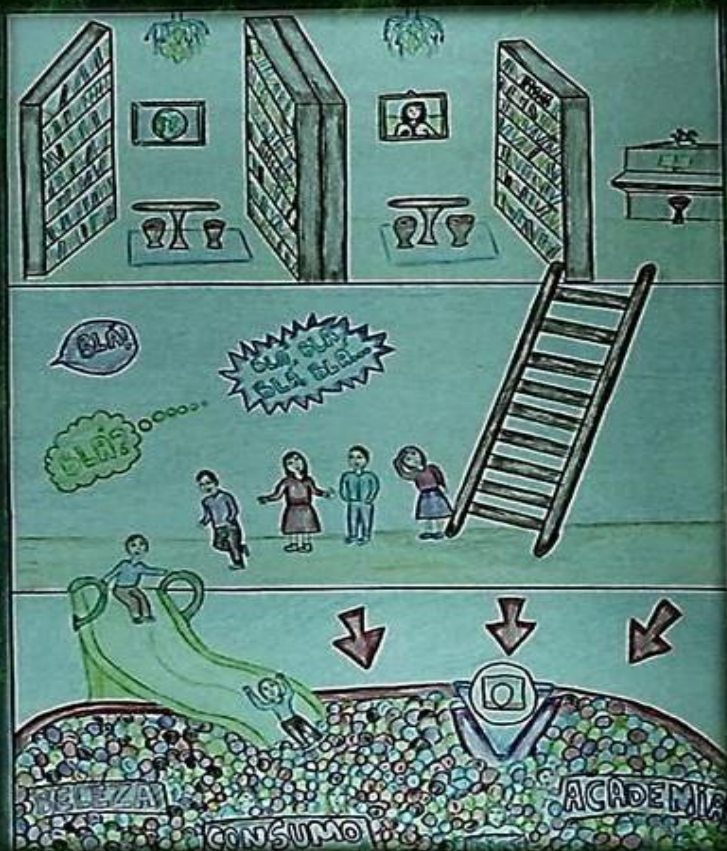
Eros, Desire, or Philos?

Life and Problems

The Certainty of Illusion

Death: The Proof of Illusion

Intuitive Philosophy I



EDUCERE and TELOS

what is the role of the educator?

To understand the role of the educator as a mediator, we first need to return to the roots of words.

"Inform": from the Latin *informare*, meaning "to give form."

"Content": from *contentum*, "what is contained."

Informing is about shaping something.

But forming... forming is something else.

And to form does not mean to do the work for the other.

This is where the idea of "mediating" comes in —
from *mediare*, "to be in the middle."

The educator lives in this in-between space:

between the world and the student, between raw data and
understanding, between desire and discovery.

They don't deliver ready-made knowledge.

They help bring forth what lies latent.

And this is where etymology casts light on the pedagogical
gesture: The word "education" comes from the Latin *educere*,
meaning "to lead out."

To educate, therefore, is not to fill, but to open.

Less about depositing pre-packaged content,
and more about creating spaces where the student can play,
explore, and reinvent.

Content, in this process, is not the end goal, but a means.

A piece of the game.

Part of a puzzle.

Maybe even a LEGO block.

Or a game full of puzzles waiting to be solved. Something to
be explored, savored, and reconstructed. The educator

prepares the space where the student builds meaning with their own hands.

And this is where the educator cultivates the soil of play. Play is lightness in motion — a rehearsal for life, where making mistakes, imagining, and reinventing are not only

allowed, but encouraged.

What fuels all this is pleasure — from the Latin *placere*: to please, to delight.

Not a fleeting pleasure, but one that lingers, creates memory, and shapes character.

The educator is a bridge. A provocateur.

They awaken desire, invite play, and ignite the pleasure of thinking.

They don't hand over answers — they offer ingredients.

Like a master chef of thought.

But the one who cooks... is the student.

Because it is only by tasting — with desire, pleasure, and play — that true wisdom is made.

Even the root of the word shows us this:

Wisdom comes from *sapere* — the same as "to taste."

It's not a substance to be transmitted,

but the very act of learning itself —

from the Latin *apprendere*: "to grasp together," "to take for oneself." To be wise is almost like developing an intellectual palate: a taste for savoring the encounter between the one who knows and the thing waiting to be known.

Education: Product or Heritage?

In public schools,
we often hear that students from so-called
“broken families”
are the standard explanation for indiscipline.

In private schools,
similar behaviors are labeled as
“spoiled kids”
coming from “structured families.”

The truth is:
disorder exists across all social classes.
Income makes little difference.

This reality worsens
when neoliberal policies begin treating
education and culture
not as collective heritage,
but as marketable products—
packaged, sold, and consumed
like a burger from McDonald’s.

But education and culture
are more than services.

They are the genetic code
of the social body.

Seeds that sustain our identity
and shape the collective future.

That’s why they must be nurtured with safety, respect,
and the care they deserve.

teaching as a calling

I didn't enter teaching because of love. I found love through teaching.

education I

When someone takes something material from you, they steal your present.

But when a child attends a school with missing classes— or present but without meaning or quality— silently, what's being stolen is the future.

education II

In the school of life, good and evil appear mixed — raw material, shapeless, without direction.

The paths tangle like a labyrinth:

many entrances, almost no exits,

and the constant risk of walking in circles.

School does not eliminate the labyrinth.

But it teaches how to cross it.

It teaches how to discern, choose,

and carve one's own path.

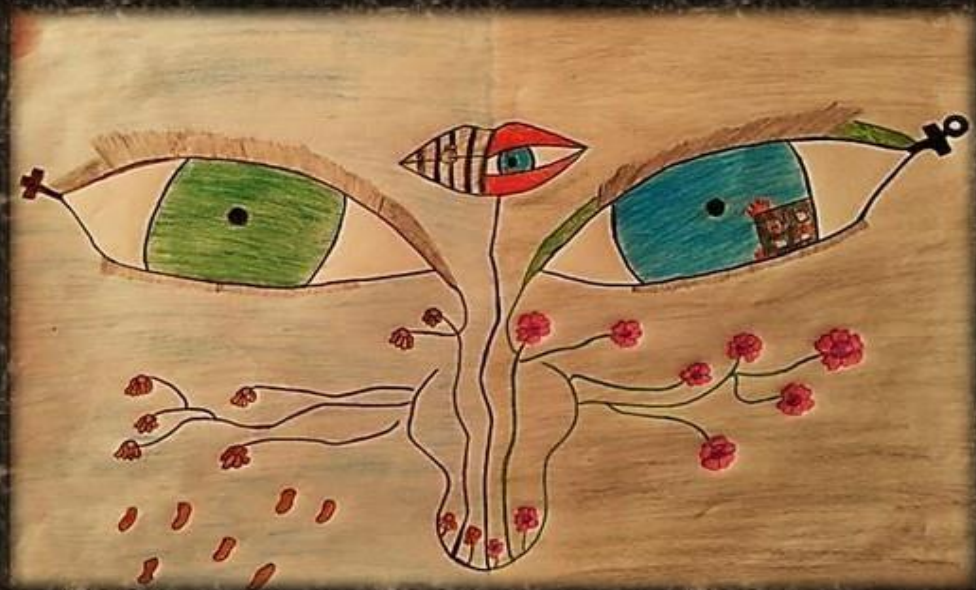
And, deep down, it reveals what every true journey demands: that the traveler discovers themselves.

education III

It is not school that gives birth to the student.

It is the desire to be a student that leads someone to school.

Intuitive Philosophy II



SPIRITUALITY

philosophical spirituality

Happiness entered my spirit the moment I died to the world
and was reborn to the divine.

philosophical spirituality II

To help the hungry
and those deprived of affection, what we truly need is not pity
— but love.

philosophical spirituality III

By affirming that God exists,
that we are here to learn beyond ourselves,
and that we have a soul, one truth becomes clear:
whether we have two million in the bank
or sleep on the streets matters little.
Our spiritual growth is not measured by social class, but by
the integrity and ethical care
we let shine through our actions
toward all living beings.

philosophical spirituality IV

Whether a child is born wrapped in rags on the streets
or cradled in gold by millionaire parents, it is not God we
should blame.

The injustices of this world are not divine in origin—
they are the result of human free will. And it is through that
very free will that we can reshape the world—
making it more just, more dignified, and truly our own.

philosophical spirituality V

Do not seek God's greatness in mansions or worldly titles.
True greatness reveals itself in the breath of life
and the universal law of death —
physical and material —
that touches all beings,
from the smallest ant to the largest mammal. Before these two
laws, no one is greater, no one is lesser,
no one is special or exempt.

Intuitive Philosophy III



LIFE AND DEATH

death and life

“Learn how to die — and I will show you how to live.”

Of all things beyond our control,
two truths impose themselves with brutal simplicity: being
born happens to us,
and dying reaches us.

We did not choose to be born, nor do we choose when to die.
But between these two shores — from cradle to grave —
the river of life is navigated by choices. Choosing is our
nature.

When we wake, we choose our clothes, our coffee, our path.
Even when we say “I don’t know” or “I don’t want to,”
we are already choosing.

Philosophy arises from this awareness:
to live is to choose with clarity,
to choose well in order to live better. Death is not a choice —
it is destiny.

But how do we face what is imposed on us?
To philosophize is to dialogue with death, not to flee from it.
The philosopher does not desire death,
but confronts it.

For those who understand death, life is lived with deeper
presence. As a Stoic once said:

“Being born is as mysterious as dying.”

To philosophize is to ask and answer —
and realize every answer contains a new question.

In this back-and-forth, meaning is built
between beginning and end.

Death wears many faces.

At thirty-six, I look at the two-year-old

I once was and realize he no longer exists.

My cells have changed, my mind has changed,

and the world no longer appears the same.

I have died — and been reborn — countless times. Each

transformation took something from me.

I remember the sorrow of no longer playing with old toys, the frustration of losing joy where there was once magic, the quiet mourning for who I used to be.

New pleasures came, new enchantments — and they keep arriving. We also die in love.

Each broken heart is an intimate funeral. But we learn to love without possession, without defined forms.

We love ideas, causes, paths...

And these losses hurt less. Philosophy, after all,

doesn't erase the fear of death — but teaches us to live with wisdom and to face death with serenity

the grace of not knowing

Perhaps being born is just the entrance door to this world. And dying... the exit door.

But... what's beyond?

The mystery of not knowing where we came from or where we're going...

Maybe that's the most brilliant invention of whoever created all this. And why does the philosopher thank for this secret?

Well... can't you see? Just how well it's kept?

If there's a place we came from... we don't remember. And those who've left... haven't come back to tell.

This silence applies to everyone —
rich, poor, powerful, unknown.

If there is a Creator...

ethics is definitely not lacking.

Money, status... none of that seems to matter to Him (or Her).

Back to our question:

It's exactly this mystery that fuels all theories — scientific, philosophical, esoteric, religious... About what lies beyond.

And it's this suspense that gives life the taste of an unfinished chapter.

What's the next story going to be?

And yes... here I side with Sartre:

“Man is condemned to be free.”

Every choice we make today shapes tomorrow...

A tomorrow that, by the way, doesn't belong to us yet. We live day by day, knowing that someday we'll leave...

Probably... without any warning.

Maybe life is like a dish with all flavors mixed in: sweet, bitter,

sour, acidic... half-sweet, half-bitter. And yet... delicious.
Because it's precisely this mystery —
this not knowing about the before or the after —
that gives meaning to that word... yes, even the biblical one:
Grace.
A gift.
Lived in the present tense.
No spoiler.

birth and death

No one is startled by the mystery of birth— that moment when
life arrives unannounced, emerging from silence and from
nothingness.

Yet this event is as mysterious
as the stillness that follows death. The first cry, the first
movement—
clear signs that life now inhabits this body.
And one day, silence and stillness will mark its departure.
If we do not fear the unknown leap
that brings us into life,
why should we fear the quiet passage that takes us out of it?
Birth and death:
two equally impenetrable thresholds.
I insist: no one recoils in astonishment
when a baby is born.
There is something magical, something almost natural, in
witnessing a being who,
from its first breath, already carries the will to live.

This breath was not crafted in the womb— it came from somewhere else.

The same breath that now animates the body will, one day, leave it cold and still. Only biochemical processes will remain, nourishing other forms of life.

It becomes clear:

what was born was not the body. The body was the vessel. What we called son, mother, sibling, friend, president— were roles inhabited by this being during its brief passage through life. Death, in this sense, is simply the return.

The essential insight is this:

what exited through the final door

is the same that once entered through the first.

And between these two thresholds, this being lived, expressed itself— and the mystery... remained.

Intuitive Philosophy IV



POLITICAL REFLECTIONS

assistance grants

The debate surrounding such programs is controversial.
Any material-based grant is easy to conceive.
And the people, equally eager to receive. The real challenge,
however,
would be to establish an Honesty Grant,
to counter corruption. A Responsibility Grant, to fight
complacency.
Or even an Autonomy and Meritocracy Grant,
to curb opportunistic advantages. But for that,
we would first need a Grant for Sociopolitical
and Cultural Education. And that, let's be honest,
would no longer be a mere grant...
It would require a Reform. Starting with a Nietzschean bath,
invoking the transvaluation of all values. Followed by a
Sartrean shower,
after all, man is condemned to be free. And perhaps, by the
end of this process,
we might rediscover the ultimate telos of the polis: The long-
forgotten Happiness (Aristotle).

where fear fails to teach

Behind resistance, elasticity, and plasticity lie discipline, respect, and trust.

Also present are love

and a steadfast commitment to one's goals.

These values need not be imposed by the Armed Forces, nor should they ever arise from fear.

Rather, they must be nurtured

through affection, coexistence, and inspiration. It is through love—mediated by art, and social, cultural, and educational projects—that character is forged:

both free and profound.

every war begins with a matter of language

Hate speech arises from the rush to assert—without reflection, without listening, without testing words against facts.

Yet alternative paths exist. We can—and must—scrutinize statistics, reexamine concepts,

and think before passing judgment.

Thus proceed philosophers and critical thinkers, offering clear discourse capable of breaking down walls of prejudice and opening space for genuine thought.

well... and now?

I was born in Paraíba,
but I grew up in São Paulo— since my ninth month of life.
Northeasterner or Paulista? To be, or not to be?
Perhaps: to be both—
or to transcend such binaries altogether.
My body developed amid concrete structures, yet my soul was
shaped
by red earth, hammocks, and resilience.
I received my education
from Northeasterners at the marketplace and the bus stop,
and from masters of the word:
poets, columnists, playwrights, and philosophers— those
whom the cultural South
often recognizes... belatedly.
They say Northeasterners suffer prejudice. Perhaps.
But I suspect
the discomfort lies elsewhere: In their strength,
their intelligence,
their humor—
and in a cultural identity that asserts itself
without asking for permission.
To be Northeastern is to know too much
to be rendered invisible, and to shine too brightly to be subdued.

bread and circuses

Voting from political ignorance is already catastrophic.

But voting fueled by hatred— stirred by manipulative rhetoric— is far worse.

If true change were the desire, votes would seek new ideas,
solid projects—

not faces crafted by marketers.

The problem is not only poor choices—

but ignorance of

the reasons behind them. Study reckless privatizations,
unchecked outsourcing,

the neglect of public education,

the dismantling of essential services.

Then you may begin to grasp why governments sometimes
serve only a fraction— not the whole.

Votes born of anger lead first to frustration.

Votes born of awareness may seed transformation

beyond good and evil: an exercise in political maturity

What, after all,

constitutes the most ethical political choice?

Left? Right?

Blank vote? Null?

Perhaps the most urgent question is not *who* to vote for,
but *how* to vote.

Political maturity begins

when we cease to see the ballot box as a space for personal

confession, and instead recognize it
as an instrument of civic participation
and democratic construction. Voting does not mean electing
faces or personalities; it means undertaking
a critical evaluation of ideas,
programs, and societal projects.

We do not vote for isolated individuals, but for political
platforms

and their respective proposals for state action.

I carefully read the government programs.

I used history as a reflective guide.

And I chose not the most inflammatory rhetoric, but the
project that, in my analysis,

shows the greatest potential to promote the common good.

However, ethical commitment does not end with casting the
vote.

On the contrary:

it marks the beginning

of an even more demanding phase. We must remain

intellectually vigilant, attentive to promises made,

and, above all,

to what is actually implemented

beyond good and evil II

Body and soul. Party A or B. Left and right. Love and sex.
Man and woman. Democracy and dictatorship. Heaven and hell.
Birth and death —

two sides of the same coin,
life itself, which levels and unites.

In this apparent dichotomy, we recognize ourselves, but also
limit ourselves.

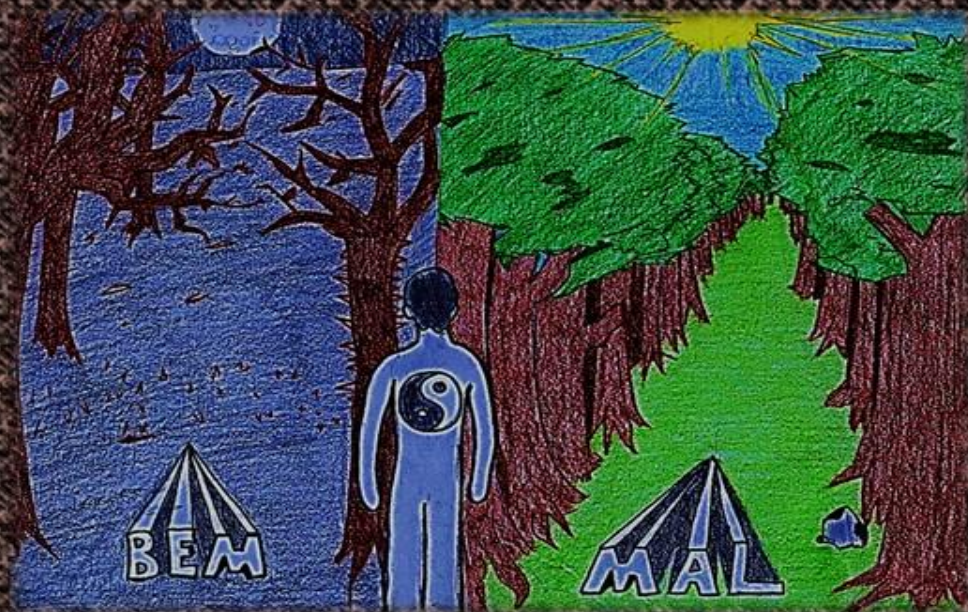
The dichotomy, rather than a truth, is a prison of consciousness
— and, in the wrong hands,
a weapon of domination.

Therefore, it is necessary to go beyond: towards the UNI-VERSE.
For diversity composes the verses, the plurality that enriches
existence. And individuality composes the one, the essence that
embraces all.

To accept the multiple,
to embrace the diverse,
is to transcend division and conflict,
is to liberate consciousness,
is to open oneself to a metaphysics where we become Being in
the one, and existence pulsates in the verses.

Thus, we do not merely survive contradictions, we transform
them into symphony.

Intuitive Philosophy V



**PHILOSOPHY AND
PHILOSOPHIZING**

what is the purpose of philosophy?

Some ask, “What use is Philosophy?”

Others reply, “None at all!”

Well... essentially, Philosophy discusses—
among many things—life and death.

Regarding death, it questions
the conceptual possibility of life beyond it.

Regarding life, it questions
the real possibility that we might be
“dead” even while alive.

And since death is an inevitable destiny... why live uncertainly,
fearing this or that?

To overcome death is not to become immortal, but to live with
certainties and convictions about what one truly wants from life.
Not to seek happiness where it is not, nor remain where it is
absent,

or—if we choose—to be where it is, yet fail to perceive it.

What is the purpose of Philosophy?

To answer this question... is to philosophize once again.

complex and simple

I love Philosophy. Because she’s the one who
lets me explore the complex weave of life—
so that, only then,

I can learn to live with simplicity.

the purpose of philosophy: human failure or destiny?

Whenever a tragedy happens, people often say:

“It was destiny.”

Or, in religious language:

“It was God’s will.”

But before accepting these phrases, we need to ask: What are we really saying when we say that?

If we call something “destiny,” we’re saying there was an origin, an intention, a sender behind this letter we call life.

And who would that sender be? God? Chance? The universe?

If God is the author, then we must assume that He designed every detail:

The wrong place, the wrong time, the wrong people in the wrong situation...

That He guided every decision, including the human mistakes that led to the tragedy.

If we go down that road, then all human negligence, irresponsibility, or carelessness would no longer be our fault.

It would all be part of a divine script, written and unavoidable.

But then... where does ethics fit in? Where’s responsibility?

Learning? Where’s merit? Where’s guilt?

How can we punish or correct something that was “meant to happen”?

Philosophy’s role isn’t to deny God or affirm dogmas.

It’s to ask.

To pull the threads of our speech until the logic—
or the contradiction—shows itself.

If the tragedy came from human choices—

carelessness, greed, omission, technical or moral error—
then we're in the field of ethics and action.

It's a space where we can investigate, correct, and maybe even
prevent other tragedies.

But... if it was destiny... then what's left for us to do? Should
we give up on safety systems? Alarms? Prevention? Or keep
acting—if only to pretend we have some control? Human
failure or destiny?

Pick one—but be ready to philosophize again.

Each path will bring new questions... and none of them is
neutral

.

doubt as a starting point, truth as a destination

"I doubt... so I can be sure." Don't avoid doubt. Doubt it.
Don't cling to certainty. Verify it. The fear of being afraid
Is already fear.

The courage to have courage Is already courage.

If I lied to one person

Just to hide the truth from another,

I've already lied.

If I told the truth

Just to avoid covering up a lie, Then I was true.

If I have every possible choice And still choose none,

I've already chosen!

Look closely:

Sitting on the fence,

Waiting for others to decide for you...

You can't win like that.

The logic is simple.

And the practice... just as much. If you say you don't trust anyone, Why should anyone trust you?

Maybe everything you expect from others Has to start with you.

If you believe everyone is a "son of a..."

Careful:

You might end up becoming one too! Doubt every certainty.

Certify every doubt.

Find a dream to walk toward, A reason to live,

And you won't get lost along the way. Do I have any certainty?

Yes—

The greatest of all:

Who I am

And where I want to go. The path?

Ah... that,

Will be an adventure to follow.

ontology of the human

Who are you?

You are the student.

All around you, there's a whole structure:

Theorists, technicians, administrators, cooks, cleaners... Each one doing their part.

And me? Time to introduce myself:

I'm the teacher.

You are the learner, the student, the one being taught.

But in the classroom, both of us are learners.

In our profession, everything grows:

Love, knowledge, experience.

(Okay... except the salary. But that's another story.) Many say:

“This dream isn't mine!”

They believe they live for their children, their parents, their family, their love...

But deep down, almost everyone wants— And few fight for—

The one thing that makes all the others possible:

Freedom.

For freedom, a young woman might defy her parents and move in with her partner.

But it's not really about the partner...

Because if one day he tries to take her freedom away, she'll leave him too.

Maybe for someone else,

Maybe just for herself...

Maybe just for freedom.

Individual freedom is fought for every day. But collective, social, and political freedom... Few have pursued it.

Because it comes at a high cost. And that cost... is life itself.

The generation of the 60s and 70s dreamed of this.

A real freedom:

Of speech, of movement, of organizing, of thinking. And they fought for it.

And today?

We live in a time when the freedom to come and go is a right.

But culture, education, healthcare, work, leisure... Are still far from being guaranteed with dignity.

This generation now carries a freedom won by others. An inherited freedom, often unquestioned.

This isn't about blame or judgment,
But about recognizing that today's challenge is different:
Freeing the mind.

If once we were prisoners of the body but free to dream,
Today we are free in body but prisoners of shallow culture.

The new task is this:

Free the mind to think about freedom. To think about its direction.

And then, to resume the struggles that still remain: For
education, housing, health, work... with dignity. At some point
in history, it seems the powerful said:

They want freedom?

Let's give it.

Are you crazy?!

No... we'll give them freedom to walk and speak...

But without culture, without education, without critical
thinking.

The result?

A society that is free... but often disorganized.

Able to vote... but not always able to choose consciously.

This isn't about discouragement.

It's just an invitation:

Think.

Gandhi, while imprisoned, was able to free a nation. Because
freedom with intelligence... leads to that. A free nation that's
politically illiterate

Is, deep down, a prisoner of itself. Are we free? What is
freedom, really?

To answer that... Is to philosophize again.

me and philosophy (my lover, wisdom)

Philosophy—my beloved—
taught me something deeply Heraclitean:
the world is always becoming, never still, never done.
So, by consequence, I became Deleuzian:
always in between, between lines of flight
and forces that pass through me,
whether I like it or not.

Accepting this orbit, I realized:
resentment is a luxury I can't afford. And so—Nietzsche
whispers—

I must transform.

In that spirit, I throw myself, Dionysian,
into the raw, trembling pulse of life. No safety nets. No half-
measures. Then—Heidegger arrives—
with a sober reminder:

I am a being-toward-death. Not someday. Always.
After this conceptual cleansing, my lover—Philosophy—
leans in and tells me what matters most: In this life,
birth is just the entrance gate, death the exit door.
And everything else? A hallway. A passage.

And here's the deeper rule:

We don't know where we came from. We don't know where
we'll return.

No maps. No guarantees. Given that, to live together, in peace,
doing what's good both for ourselves and for others, may not
just be an ethical stance. Perhaps—
it's the only way to stay sane inside this mystery.

Love for the Philosopher

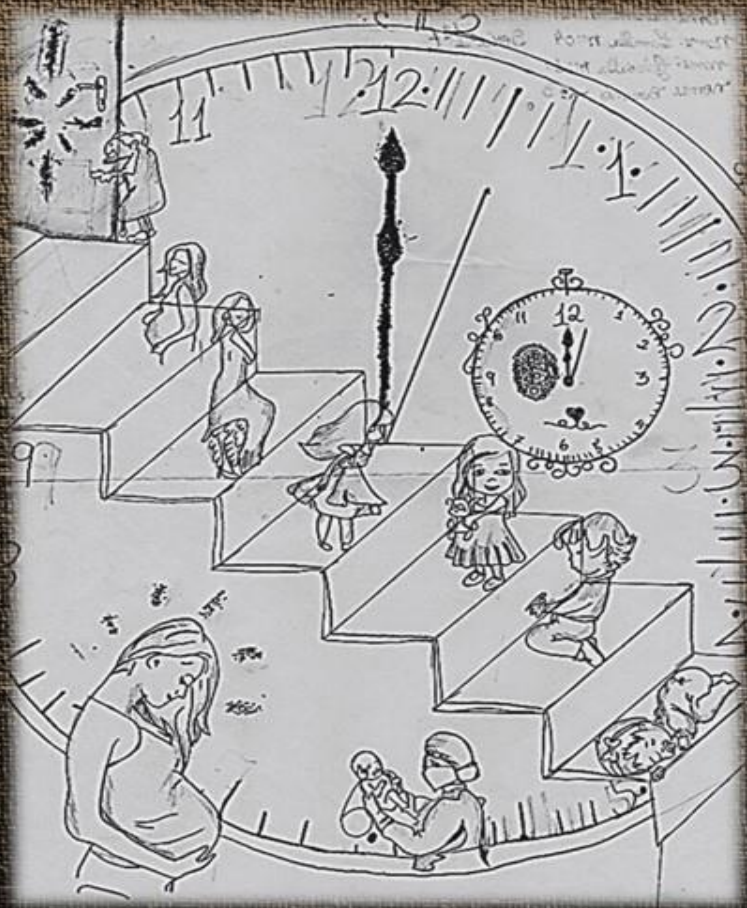
More than someone to love,
the philosopher seeks the very act of loving. For Love,
alongside Truth,
is the clearest path to happiness and youth. To love in lies,
or in shallow disguise,
makes us sad and dissatisfied,

living a fiction where our hearts have died. The Truth, as it
appears here,
is not what they shout,
nor what media makes clear. It dwells quietly within you,
and makes you pause and review: Is it better to lie and avoid
the pain? Or face the truth, and let it remain? When we say we
love:
a child, a spouse,
a car, a career, a job, a house,
or whatever is near...
The philosopher, with reflective care, asks with precision:
What's the true nature of this emotion? For if tomorrow all
these things were gone, if the ground slipped and life moved
on... What would remain of us, in the end?
Did we love the thing...
or did we love to transcend?
That's why love, for the philosopher,
is more than mere sensation.
It's a state of being,
a conscious elevation.
The real challenge, with each dawn, is not the problem of the

day,nor the fear that weighs on...
But to face the world
with loving perception,
even when life calls for coldness and rejection. Our eyes are
windows wide,
our feelings, the lenses through which we decide.
And when we change those lenses, we change the world...
we change the sentences. If the world seems cruel, broken, and
wrong, perhaps it's time to adjust our song.
Everyone talks of those who harm, but few see the hands
that heal, that charm.
The world is, above all,
a mirror of the mind.
If we're pessimists,
failure will come, right on time. But if we're optimists,
success will already shine.
Yet for the philosopher, true success is not in applause,
nor in gold's excess. It's in simple living, in loving daily,
in seeing beauty even in endings, even in frailty.
And when death comes, knocking one day,
the philosopher will have nothing to regret or say.
For every act, each choice, each intent, was done with love,
with truth, with full consent.
On the philosopher's lips, "If only..." finds no place.
For each action was made with love, with grace.
Love and Truth: two pillars, two friends,
that guide the journey, from start to end.
Love may appear romantic, professional, material,
or as an ideal, emotional. But the philosopher,

with keen observation, knows: these are objects, not the foundation.
Before loving someone or anything,
comes the act of loving:
a brave offering.
To love, for the philosopher, is understanding that grows.
And doing all things with love is the answer he shows.
Why do I do theater?
Why do I teach philosophy? Why do I help people freely,
without waiting for reciprocity?
Why do I practice karate with glee?
Because I love doing it. And in this giving,
I truly exist. The philosopher, in the end,
doesn't just seek to do what he loves... but learns, day by day,
to love all that he does— while living, while breathing,
while walking life's way... without ever looking away.

Intuitive Philosophy VI



**MISCELLANEOUS
THEMESE**

betrayal and humor

If, by chance, you come home
and find your beloved naked in bed with someone else—
caught in the act, no room for doubt—
and she, startled, says:
“Baby, it’s not what you think!”
You, almost laughing at her nerve, reply:
“Oh, thank God...
for a second there, I thought it was exactly what it looks like!”

sexuality

The man’s orgasm is given; the woman’s... earned.
Haste and selfishness make him miss
one of life’s rarest spectacles:
the female climax.

Be

Don’t act to impress. Impress by simply being.

the protagonist

The world challenges you,
but never guides. It offers choices, but never chooses for you.
It teaches lessons, but never helps you learn.
The world is no teacher—

the now

I don't know if I'll have a job next year.
I don't know how I'll pay for college, rent, or the rest. But
none of this shakes me.
I don't even know if I'll be alive tomorrow.
Between the uncertainties of life's hustle and death's silent
certainty,
I found the joy of living.

Day and Night

Day darkens my thoughts.
I wait for night to bring them light— because by day, I don't
see actors.
I only see characters.
At night, the actors sleep.
They only sleep.
They no longer dream— not while asleep,
nor while awake enough... to dream. They are descendants of
Serra Pelada, enslaved by men dressed in ambition and
disguised in good intentions.
That's why they no longer dream. They don't dream when
they sleep... and they don't wake up...
to dream of life.

Intuitive Philosophy VII



POIESIS E LOGOS

i don't know how to rhyme

I don't know how to rhyme,
not the rhyme that makes you pause and think in time,
where phrases must build a concept,
and concepts invite you to philosophize—
on endless themes, with no fear or disguise.

No, don't ask me for a rhymed display.

I don't know how to rhyme,
won't pick words just for play.

I won't count beats or measure lines,
I prefer it raw—unpolished by design.

If you allow...

This is how I'll write now:
improvised, scribbled, intuitive flow,
the only way I know.

I won't pick a theme,
nor script what I mean.

I'll just keep writing,
letting the topic start igniting.

I don't know how to rhyme...

this worry won't lead my pen,
won't force me to erase

words that refuse a rhyming embrace
in a text that never aimed for such a chase.

No!

I paused...

wanted to write a page for my book...

Intuitive Philosophy, that's the hook.

So I found: random words from which I'm bound.

And I made:

in a primitive trade,

a Socratic method for what I say.

Socrates enjoyed to claim:

“All I know is I know no thing.”

So...

I don't know if Philosophy can calm the day,

when what happens feels like bold dismay,

an act I didn't choose, nor wanted its way.

How to call this day mine,

when it drifts, a vagabond of borrowed time?

When all I get to choose,

is between a yes or some diffuse excuse,

in this dance of shadow and muse?

The rhyme that escapes me now wants to teach:

It's not just sound—

but words that ache to reach,

that want to be born,

whether rhyme is adorned or torn.

Be it plan with scam,

Dan with Sam,

bread with spread,

theft with unrest...

And yes, I recall:

In Brazil,

a poor thief will rhyme with jail still.

But the rich one?

That rhyme... Justice never found.

He walks free,

his vile acts unbound,
while I remain
a hostage of subtle labor, plain.
I wished this poem would rhyme more:
love with above,
dignity with liberty,
and justice... with fiery core.
But there's no perfect rhyme.
There's rhyme of soul, of ethic,
in life's aesthetic,
in poetic design.
I philosophized, and philosophized...
yet no harbor I recognized.
Just a river of questions,
where rhyme was lost,
and I... was found.
I return to the start,
to the silence of rhyme,
and the habit to question
that I cannot confine.
I don't know how to rhyme?
No clear reply this time.
Does a poem even need rhyme to climb?
Ah... I'll leave that for you—
who now meets my eye.

the cat, the moon, and the sun

There was a cat with principles, living well, with lighthearted love. If betrayed, he would never return, nor fall for a vain she-cat's charm.

Principles exist to balance will and desire—

but when desire outgrows reason,

things become hard to hold,

and the cat finds himself a prisoner of passion.

He faces this very struggle:

he fell for the Moon— beautiful and cold— a she-cat enchanting his heart with melancholy.

From this, he drew a lesson: passion holds a power that defies, capable of breaking a principle, or raising it anew in poetry.

Before the Moon came close,

while the Sun was distant and absent, he could follow his principles, keeping his heart indifferent.

But now the cat can't go a

day without speaking to the Moon, even from afar.

She became his habit, his waiting, his constant vibrant presence.

This sharp stage of passion

leaves the cat at a crossroads:

follow a burning desire, or a principle that sounds rational?

Ah! Beside the Moon, everything leans, and only one bright longing appears: a new principle rises in his chest—

to follow—with all his strength—the desire!

Intuitive Philosophy VIII



**THEATER AND
PHILOSOPHY**

the stage of truth's illusions

Theater imitates—and sometimes reflects—life—
not just to face “reality,” but because reality itself
may be crafted from illusion. Among so many simulations—
whether on life’s stage or the theatrical one— we hold onto
one certainty: belief. In life, believing in oneself.

On stage, believing in the character.

Only then do we truly shine
upon both stages.

theater and philosophy

The world wears masks and draws the curtains
to hide the truth. We, the artists, wear masks too —
but open curtains — to reveal it.

theater and philosophy

Theater taught me how to entertain and move an audience
— by pretending to be someone else.

Philosophy taught me how to entertain and move people—
by simply being myself.

i am hypocrites (the actor.)

And at the end of the play, you will cry for real — for an
emotion I lived through a lie.

Intuitive Philosophy IX



FOR DEAR FRIENDS AND
EXTRAORDINARY MOMENTS

for my friend Suely

If death came for me now and asked:

“Are you ready? Have you lived everything you wished for?”

I would answer:

There are still dreams I haven’t fulfilled—

to direct my own film,

to see it on cinema screens and streaming platforms;

to write books like *The Atomic Pattern*, *Aesthetics: Beauty and Danger*, and *The Birth and Death of Cinema*;

to finish my doctorate,

to become a university professor. Dreams I still chase—

and would love to realize,

if given more time. But spiritually,

I hold no resentment, no hate,

no bitterness. There is love—

love for the life I chose,

for my family,

for my wife, Diana Rocha,

for my students, friends, colleagues, and for all beings

sharing this planet with me.

Even a cockroach deserves compassion— and sometimes, I let them live.

Today, as a vegetarian,

I deeply admire those who chose this path long before me.

One day, I hope to walk even further along it.

So, to death, I would say:

I am, as much as possible, prepared to go. But I wasn’t ready to say goodbye to Suely— who left without warning,

just when I was planning to visit her this week. I know you,
Suely,

would smile with your tenderness and say:

“Relax, Gê, life here is so hectic.”

But it was us—

we let time slip away— rushed, distracted, fleeting. We don’t

belong to birth,

nor to this body—just a vehicle for the journey—

nor to possessions, titles, or even death.

None of that goes with us.

What we truly own is living—

the choice of how to live. It’s possible to slow down, to

change pace, to visit friends while they’re still here. Longing

and learning— gifts you left behind.

My students would have loved to have you as their teacher.

You were one of a kind.

We made an unforgettable team.

I carry a piece of you in the way I teach,

but your patience, tenderness, and attentiveness— those, I
can’t replicate.

Thank you, Suely Batista.

We lived small miracles in that community. One day,

I too will depart, and we’ll continue this conversation—

in a place where time doesn’t exist,

where there’s finally enough of it— just to simply… exist.

an emotional reunion

I wished I had already received my second vaccine dose— and that the younger ones had at least their first.

That would have been ideal, no doubt. But even without these perfect conditions,

I was deeply moved
to see my students again, in person.

The longing I felt for them was immense— so great that words couldn't reach it.

When I saw them,
joy and strangeness mixed within me, as if I needed to relearn how to teach. And like a newborn,

I savored that moment,
while the pedagogical act intertwined itself with destiny.

Right there, a teacher was emerging—
through the lens of a philosopher-child.

I realized that the expression
“the classroom floor” is no longer a metaphor— it's literal.

And as an actor, I say this with conviction: I need this audience— the living presence of my students— this visceral, face-to-face encounter.

Even with the fear of death, I could feel life pulsing through the teaching act.

Thank you, students of E.E. José Fernando Abbud—
seeing you today filled my heart with joy. May the authorities— the Government of São Paulo— speed up vaccination. And may we fight, with all our strength, for in-person education. That, we must never give up—
parents, students, and teachers, together.

the happened, yet unlived

Time unfolds before me, unknown.

It's not a blank page—

it's like a compact life raft, ready to expand in an instant.

That's how the universe came to be: in one second, everything opened— times, spaces, forms of life— a second that, for us, equals trillions of years. I believe we live and feel only the present— a fragment of time and space already built, like a lamp that only lights when energy flows through it.

Even so, there's room for free will, because time is given, has already happened—

but remains unlived by me, in this existence of

“being-for-the-present” and “being-of-the-present.”

It's not me running through time— it's time that runs through me, like frames of a film that only come alive

when projected on the screen. This is the beauty of being

“bound” to the body, to the consciousness of the now,

transforming the already-happened into an original experience— still to be lived and felt.

And so, I'm ready to re-cognize

and live the choices I've already made.

for my friend Waltão

Some friendships are born in childhood— and adulthood has no power to destroy them, nor to scatter what time never could. When friends like this meet again,

they don't simply catch up— they return, two children disguised in grown-up bodies, chasing adult dreams with the same old childlike heart.

Intuitive Philosophy X



SELF-REFLECTIONS

what can i be

No—

I am not my name.

That sound that calls me could have been another, and still, I
would have answered.

No—

I am not my profession.

The craft I practice is just one gesture
among countless others

my flesh could have rehearsed. No—

I am not the sum of my experiences, nor am I only what I
learned in schools, on the streets,
in books, or in the silences of home.

All of that could have been different. A shift of wind would
have sufficed, another place,

another childhood—

and I would be someone else, unaware that I had ever been
this me. That's why the mystery of existence doesn't rest in
the question:

“Who am I?”

But in the astonishment before chance:

“Why am I this one?”

For among trillions of possible selves, I am this—
with this body, this time, this now.

And when this question ignites, so intimate and yet so vast,
it crosses the domains of science and slips—
inevitably— into the fields of theology.

my life

It's not just a possessive pronoun— this “my” that seems to fit anything. Before that, it's a silent imperative:

life is ours,

even when we call it “mine.”

And it's incredible to imagine:

this life we received for free— by the grace of Nature,
without request, without contract— was simply given.

Unique. Rare. Unrepeatable. Some sell it. Others alienate it.

Some dissolve it in vices. But aside from your life,

everything else you call “mine”—

my car, my apartment, my cigarette, my money—

all of that must be earned,

through hard work, sweat... or luck. And here's the irony:

there are those who care for these things with such zeal that
they'd give their life for them.

Yet life—this life that begins as mine—

is not worth less because it was free.

Not worth less for never being asked for. On the contrary.

It's precisely because we didn't ask to be born that living
becomes a quiet miracle.

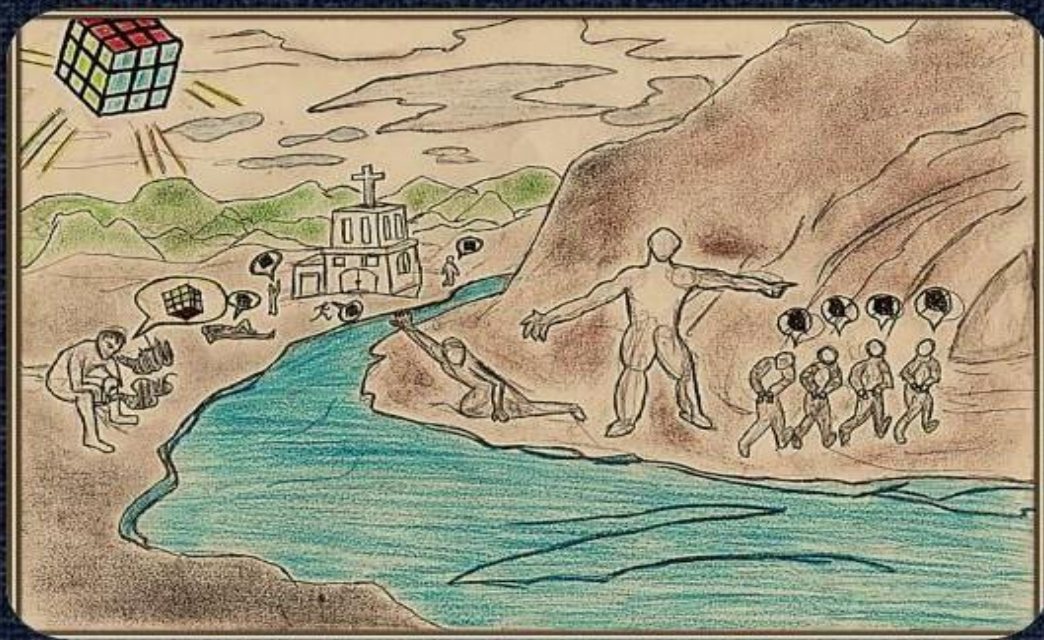
Perhaps, out of fear, selfishness, or cowardice,

if we had been given the choice— to pay to be born,
or to choose to come into the world—

maybe we would've refused. And so, perhaps,
we'd be free from a fleeting and intense life...

but trapped in an eternal monotony.

Intuitive Philosophy XI



PHILOSOPHY GIVES ADVICE

a hermit's advice

...And the philosopher says:
Don't get lost in the very goals you created.
They're not labyrinths.
They're just guides—
and not always a clear map.
More than leading you somewhere, they exist so that, by
following them, you might find yourself.
In the end, **you** are the destination, the journey,
and the path itself.

love, food, and seasoning

The lasagna recipe?
You'll find it easily on Google.
But the seasoning...
That only comes from the love
each person knows how to give.
We can love what we conquer—
with effort, with struggle.
But to love...
and to be loved...
That's the seasoning
many may miss.
And there's no ready-made recipe
to teach how to love like that.
What can we do?
Simple:

When love—
from and for your loved one—
arrives...
Value it.
Live it.
Make it real.

the woman we need

Some men still haven't understood:
you don't have a girlfriend just because
"a man needs to have a woman." If we're with a particular
woman, it's because—among all others— **she is, in a very
special way,
the woman we needed.**

alone and lonely

Alone: someone who, even with no one around,
doesn't always feel lonely.

Lonely: someone who, even surrounded by others, always
feels alone.

wisdom and knowledge

A single data point...

A letter...

Like the five vowels
and twenty-one consonants.

From them,

we build a code:

philosophy.

Explaining what it means to philosophize?

That's delivering information.

Just like telling a historical fact.

Knowledge?

It's knowing the meaning
of each character written here,
collecting them into words,
then into sentences.

Wisdom?

Ah...

That's different.

It's understanding the distinction
between knowing and understanding...

by many paths:

poetic, scientific, or philosophical.

Above all,

it's realizing that this text—
may have brought you information,
maybe even knowledge...

But turning it into wisdom...

That's on you.

respect and the ethics of duty

The word “**respect**”
comes from the Latin “**respectus**”:
literally, “to look again.”

So, to respect
is not just about obedience.
It’s first about understanding.
Understanding that respect
is the bond between

water and stone—
the cement of coexistence.

The famous phrase:

“Respect to be respected”

says something important...

But honestly, it says little.

The comprehension remains shallow.

Respect is not just an ethical duty.

It’s a foundational ethic
that leads us to that duty.

If we want a free society,
we must look again—

at the **ethos**,
reflect on it,
and act with a sense of duty.

Freedom is not a thing.

It’s a phenomenon—

what appears
when two people,

or a collective,
treat each other with respect.
Here, a virtuous cycle begins:
First, respect.
Then, freedom.
Once free,
we clash,
we share ideas,
we create actions—
which will again require respect to exist.
Respect is not just civic education
or social etiquette.
It's the birthplace,
the genesis,
the maintenance
of freedom itself.
Freedom isn't material,
nor psychological.
It exists
where two beings
choose to comprehend
and choose to respect.
Therefore,
respect is not just ethics.
It's an ontological character...
That which makes freedom possible.

don't just understand—live!

Teenagers rarely understand themselves—
and the irony is: by the time they finally do... youth is gone!
They've become adults.

the protagonist

On the great stage of life, the one who decides whether you'll
be a supporting role or the protagonist, is you.

philia and sophia: the heart of philosophy

To those who claim they dislike Philosophy,
Don't fear this cold-sounding word.
Though it may seem all logic and calculation,
It's born from the heart— Philia, the love that guides the hand,
And Sophia, pure wisdom turned into song.
It's not just numbers or sterile analysis, But a meeting, an
embrace, Where feeling and thinking
Merge together, And knowing and loving Unite to set us free.

love and the philosopher

If a beloved asked a philosopher-lover, unrequited:
— Why is it so hard for you to forget me? He would answer:
—I know you might find a better boyfriend than me, And I, a
better girlfriend than you.
But I am certain no relationship could be better than ours.

life and philosophy

Some consider radical the stance of Diogenes Laertius — the Dog, who lived his existence suppressing desires, guided by his philosophy. I would say more radical is to exist led solely by desires, never seeking a philosophy to guide one's living.

Wisdom and Ignorance

An ignorant person may even be master over others,
but will always remain a slave to themselves.
Wisdom, on the other hand, makes us master of both.

care, gossip, and snooping

Many complain about those who “care” too much about others' lives, but true care means affection, love, and genuine attention. What some do is just snooping and gossiping, heartlessly, confusing care with invasion. So, if you truly want to care, try volunteering, helping, giving. And if all you want is to gossip, start by caring for your own life with the same dedication you use to snoop on others.

courage and fear

You'll never have the courage to face the world
if you don't first have the most essential kind of courage: the
courage to face your own fear.

love, beloved, and lover

It doesn't matter how many theories Philosophy, Psychology, Neurology, or even History create about love. For the lover, none of it makes sense. They only want—and only truly understand—when, finally, they are beside the beloved.

the virtual and the real

Some people are still surprised by the fact that something said on social media— in the so-called virtual world—
can hurt or move someone in such a concrete way in the real world. But the truth is simple: who said it was a real person. A word—whether offensive or kind—
doesn't lose its power just because it wasn't said "face to face." What few realize is that,
even in the physical world,
a word is already the result of both technical
and organic processes.
It's born in a brain, travels through a body,
and by way of a precise biological system—
involving the respiratory system, the diaphragm, vocal cords,
mouth, and tongue—
it takes shape, sound, and direction. In the virtual world,
the only difference is the medium and the path it follows.
Instead of traveling through air,
it travels through another kind of engineering:
software, hardware, cables, satellites, circuit boards, and chips.
But its point of origin remains the same: a human being.
And its destination too: another human being. The word may

exist in the virtual space, but what it triggers—
whether pain, laughter, love, or outrage— will always be real.
Felt in a body, in a mind, in a soul.

sex, love, body, and truth

Some still insist on separating what nature so effortlessly
united: sex and love, body and desire.

We create easy-to-repeat myths:
that men only want pleasure but never love,
and that women only love but never truly desire. Meanwhile,
in the quietest part of us,
where words don't live,
penis and vagina keep meeting, offering themselves,
surrendering, reveling in what biology does best:
feeling.

We can go on judging through the lens of old moralism:
saying that men fake love just to get sex,
and women fake sex just to feel loved...

But the body knows nothing of such theories. It simply
responds—
with the simplicity of something that knows how to live—
to the call of life pulsing from within.

And love?

That may come later... or during... or never.

But the body— the body always knows what it wants.

Because in the end...

the body doesn't lie.

philosophy against homophobic arguments

When we're born,
nature gives us—biologically speaking— a penis or a vagina.
But being “a man” or “a woman”
isn't defined merely by anatomical differences or by how we
urinate.

First and foremost,
we are human beings—
and as such, we deserve respect.
Gender identity is something shaped and defined
throughout a lifetime,
crossed by social, cultural, emotional, and historical factors.
There are countless ways of being,
and countless ways to identify oneself. This construction isn't
strictly biological; it's deeply human.

Sexual pleasure is a vast universe,
explored by heterosexuals, bisexuals, homosexuals, trans
people, pansexuals,
and so many others
who exist across the many forms of desire and affection.
In this universe, it matters little whether it's penis with penis,
vagina with vagina, penis with vagina, or any other
constellation
of bodies and identities.

The caresses happen through the body— but pleasure...
is always felt by the soul.

eros, desire, or philos?

To be with all... or love just one?

Even for those who choose the first option, loving one seems... more obvious—

and maybe even more rewarding.

But why do so many still choose quantity over depth? Would the muse of Philosophy take sides?

Take sides? Not exactly.

But philosophize? Absolutely.

Let's start with words: Zoé and Bios.

Zoé: the life we share with all living beings.

Bios: the life of awareness, reason, contemplation.

Aristotle described four ways of living:

First, the life led by immediate pleasures— the life of barbarians, led by instinct.

Second, the life of accumulation,
where owning matters more than living well. Third, the
political life:

honor, virtue, recognition.

And finally, the contemplative life:

the highest form of human existence. Yes, we are animals.

But we can be more. We can choose.

We can transcend.

We can earn our dignity.

And speaking of choices...

The world is still a place where many love without knowing
how to love.

Where pleasure often arrives easily for one— and

remains a distant conquest for the other.

I've always known—and I'll say it again: For men, orgasm almost always comes. For women... it's an art.

A conquest.

A song that demands sensitivity.

I see a woman's body like a piano.

And to play it, desire alone is not enough: You need to listen.

You need intention.

You need care.

Erich Fromm taught:

To love is to care.

To take responsibility. To show respect.

To truly know the other.

Care... as in caring.

Responsibility... as in being accountable.

Respect... as in paying attention—*respicere*, from Latin.

Loving is more than acting:

It's being a musician—of yourself and of the other.

It's feeling.

It's tuning into another soul. Many women seem distant.

Others say they cannot feel.

But maybe... what's missing is simply an artist. Someone who knows how to play... with love. To be with all or love just one?

To choose... is to philosophize—
with body, soul, and reason.

life and problems

There's no such thing as life without problems.

The moment we're born—within our very first second—the first challenge appears... and it stays with us until our final breath: survival.

This condition doesn't belong to humans alone. It touches every living being.

And from it, all other problems arise:

having to work, studying to earn a bit more,

trying to build a business that offers some comfort,

finding someone to share life with—

and along the way... how many heartbreaks. If someone says,

“I wish I had a life without problems,”

I'd translate that as:

“I don't like life. I don't want to live.”

Because having problems is an ontological condition of existence. The word "problem" comes from the Greek *problēma* (πρόβλημα), meaning “that which is thrown forward” or “what presents itself.” It stems from the verb *proballō* (προβάλλειν):

pro- (forward) + *ballein* (to throw, to cast).

We've been thrown here—exactly that.

Life, from the Proto-Indo-European root *g^weih₃w, means not just to exist...

but to be in action— in movement, in function.

So life and problems come together, inseparable since our first breath:

we're cast into the world (problems),

and we have a life to sustain (life in motion). From this union,

one relentless law is born: survival.

And it's never a given—

every day, it's a fight to earn our daily bread.

Those who think wealth saves you from problems...

are mistaken.

Yes, the wealthy enjoy comforts and conveniences. But they too chase their daily "bread."

Some must work to survive...

others must keep the business running for the same reason. In our social roles, we're different.

But when it comes to having problems, the equation remains the same: survival.

For some, work will be labor, pain, and little joy.

For others, it will be love, meaning, and even leisure.

the certainty of illusion

If Being is, and Non-Being is not— as Parmenides once taught—

then I find myself, with growing clarity, inclined to accept: this world is an illusion.

Before, this idea touched me only as a vague intuition, a subtle suspicion that came and went.

Today, logic forces me to see it as a hypothesis increasingly difficult to dismiss.

Here, everything depends on something else. Everything is born from something.

Everything needs something.

Everything transforms into something else. Plants need light.

Animals need plants.

And we... we need them all.

Nothing here exists by itself.

If we want to be even minimally rigorous, we can't ignore:

If something were truly real, it wouldn't need anything. It would exist by itself.

Complete and sufficient in its own being.

But what do we see instead? Hunger, interdependence, an endless food chain.

The so-called "cycle of life,"

far from proving stability,

actually dismantles the idea of absolute Being. Even our bodies are colonies.

Billions of microorganisms live within us. To them, perhaps, we are moving planets.

And let's push the reflection further:

If a plant were a true Being,

it wouldn't serve as food for another.

If I am what I am... after a glass of milk, a slice of bread,

a bowl of rice,

a piece of meat...

then what is my body?

It doesn't have independent existence.

In fact, it cannot survive

without absorbing what once was another.

So... what am I?

The final product of a thousand borrowed particles?

A mosaic that shifts with every meal? If everything that forms me dies,

transforms, dissolves...

then what remains?

This is only possible if, deep down,
what I call lettuce, stomach, brain, tooth... are just temporary
arrangements of atoms... matter in motion, rearranging
itself...

as logical and programmable as binary code in a videogame.

For no matter how realistic the horse, the gun,
the sweat, the face,

or the voice in a game... it's all still... algorithm.

Perhaps here, too,

we're characters running on a larger script.

A grand simulation we call "reality."

So for now,

this is my most honest certainty:

We're living inside an illusion.

death: the ultimate proof of illusion

If there were, between birth and death, something truly
durable,

we would be immortal— and therefore, real.

But the simple fact that everything here is born and dies,

existing only as an interval between two voids,

reveals what this world really is.

True Being...

has no beginning and no end. It simply... is.

That's why death isn't just a certainty. It is the loudest proof
of illusion.

Perhaps, as Plato suggested,

there exists a world of pure Forms. A realm where Being

doesn't eat, doesn't change,

doesn't lack,

doesn't need.

It simply exists...

expressing itself.

Maybe true Being only plays:

creating forms, consciousness, images...

not for any practical reason...

but simply for the joy of being. Maybe I'm not yet within the Form. Maybe my true Self,

the one that never began and will never end, is only asleep... while here,

on this stage of appearances,

this character reflects and questions. But there's something in me— something that thinks these lines, strings them together, articulates them,

writes them...

that suspects, more and more:

Having the certainty of illusion is, paradoxically,

the first evidence that there is something in me that is not illusion. If all this is false,

then fear, pain, loss...

are also false. And if something should endure in this game, let it be the pleasures—

not the pleasures of the flesh,

but those of thought. Perhaps intellect really is our fragile, but real, bridge between what seems... and what truly is.

Between this shifting world...

and the one where Being simply...

is.

And if this is my certainty,
I don't fear that it might also be an illusion.
After all...
who else—
if not the Being itself,
or at least its shadow within me—
could reach such a conclusion?

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